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Packed in small kegs, each.....35c

Holland Herring, per keg.....	\$1.35
Smoked Salmon, per pound.....	40c
Cross & Blackwell's fresh Mackerel, cans.....	25c
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Soft Shell Crabs, per can.....	35c
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Dunbar's Shrimp, per can.....	15c and 25c
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A delicious relish for Meats, Sandwiches, etc.,
Olive Relish.....30c Vegetable Relish, bottle.....35c

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Fig Layer, Chocolate, Caramel, Nut and Chocolate Caramel. We cannot recommend these cakes too highly; each.....\$1.00

50-pound Box Choice Apples.....	\$2.00
50-pound Box Fancy Apples.....	\$2.50

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INSPECT MAIL ROUTE FROM

TULAROSA TO ROSWELL.

Tularosa, N. M., Jan. 15.—J. W. Prude and Ira Wetmore accompanied an inspector to the home in Judge A. B. Fall's automobile. They will inspect the Tularosa-Roswell automobile mail route which is to be opened soon.

E. D. Rockwell has rented the old Prude building and will start a moving picture theater.

Mr. Grant is here from Texas looking for a location.

Amos Spillars and Ollie White have returned from the San Andres, where

they have been doing assessment work in their mines.

The baskets are up for the basket ball teams and they are playing the game.

Miss Eloise Carroll is down from Mesalero visiting Marguerite Prude.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure.

If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by all druggists.

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TODAY, JANUARY 15th

All Suits and Overcoats 1-3 Off

All Winter Underwear 1-4 Off

Hanan Shoes \$4.00

Keith Konquerer Shoes \$2.50

All Pants 1-3 Off

\$3.00 Hats \$2.00

\$4.00 Hats \$2.75

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Shirts 50c

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 Shirts \$1.00

\$1.50 and \$2 Outing Flannel Pajamas \$1

Fancy Vests 1/3 Off 50c and 75c Neckwear 25c

Bath Robes 1/2 Price 50c Suspenders 25c

Collars 5c 50c Fancy Hosiery 25c

\$2.00 and \$2.50 Sweaters 50c



By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

Copyright 1908 by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"When Dr. Walker went away to California with the Armstrong family, there was talk in the town that when he came back he would be married to Miss Armstrong, and we all expected it. First thing I knew, I got a letter from him in the west. He seemed to be excited, and he said Miss Armstrong had taken a sudden notion to go home and he sent me some money. I was to watch for her, to see if she went to Sunnyside, and wherever she was, not to lose sight of her until he got home. I traced her to the lodge, and I guess I scared her on the drive one night, Miss Innes."

"And Rosie!" I ejaculated. Riggs grinned sheepishly. "I only wanted to make sure Miss Louise was there. Rosie started to run, and I tried to stop her and tell her some sort of a story to account for my being there. But she wouldn't wait."

"And the broken china—in the basket?"

"Well, broken china's death to rubber tires," he said. "I hadn't any complaint against you people here, and the Dragon Fly was a good car."

So Rosie's highwayman was explained.

"Well, I telegraphed the doctor where Miss Louise was and I kept an eye on her. Just a day or so before they came home with the body I got another letter, telling me to watch for a woman who had been pitted with smallpox. Her name was Carrington, and the doctor made things pretty strong. If I found any such woman loafing around, I was not to lose sight of her for a minute until the doctor got back."

"Well, I would have had my hands full, but the other woman didn't show up for a good while, and when she did the doctor was home."

"Riggs," I asked suddenly, "did you get into this house a day or two after I took it, at night?"

"I did not, Miss Innes. I have never been in the house before. Well, the Carrington woman didn't show up until the night Mr. Halsey disappeared. She came to the office late, and the doctor was out. She waited around, walking the floor and working herself into a passion. When the doctor didn't come back, she was in an awful way. She wanted me to hunt him, and when he didn't appear, she called him names; said he couldn't fool her. There was murder being done, and

she would see him swing for it."

"She struck me as being an ugly customer, and when she left, about 11 o'clock, and went across to the Armstrong place, I was not far behind her. She walked all around the house first, looking up at the windows. Then she rang the bell, and the minute the door was opened she was through it, and into the hall."

"How long did she stay?" "That's the queer part of it," Riggs said eagerly. "She didn't come out that night at all. I went to bed at daylight, and that was the last I heard of her until the next day, when I saw her on a truck at the station, covered with a sheet. She'd been struck by the express and you would hardly have known her—dead, of course. I think she stayed all night in the Armstrong house, and the agent said she was crossing the track to take the up-train to town when the express struck her."

"Another circle!" I exclaimed. "Then we are just where we started."

"Not so bad as that, Miss Innes," Riggs said eagerly. "Nina Carrington came from the town in California where Mr. Armstrong died. Why was the doctor so afraid of her? The Carrington woman knew something. I lived with Dr. Walker seven years, and I know him well. There are few things he is afraid of, I think he killed Mr. Armstrong out in the west some where, that's what I think. What else he did I don't know—but he dismissed me and pretty nearly throttled me— for telling Mr. Jamieson here about Mr. Innes' having been at his office the night he disappeared and about my hearing them quarreling."

"What was it Warner overheard the woman say to Mr. Innes in the library?" the detective asked me.

"She said 'I knew there was something wrong from the start. A man isn't well one day and dead the next without some reason.'"

How perfectly it all seemed to fit!

CHAPTER XXX.

When Churchyard Yawn.

It was on Wednesday Riggs told us the story of his connection with some incidents that had been previously unexplained. Halsey had been gone since the Friday night before, and with the passage of each day I felt that he might be carried thousands of miles in the box-car, locked in, per-

haps, without water or food. I had read of cases where bodies had been found locked in cars on isolated sidings in the west, and my spirits went down with every hour.

His recovery was destined to be almost as sudden as his disappearance, and was due directly to the tramp Alex had brought to Sunnyside. It seems the man was grateful for his release, and when he learned something of Halsey's whereabouts from another member of his fraternity—for it is a fraternity—he was prompt in letting us know.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Jamieson, who had been down at the Armstrong house trying to see Louise—and failing—was met near the gate at Sunnyside by an individual precisely as repulsive and unkempt as the one Alex had captured. The man knew the detective, and he gave him a piece of dirty paper, on which was scrawled the words: "He's at City hospital, Johnsville." The tramp who brought the paper pretended to know nothing, except this: The paper had been passed along from a "hobo" in Johnsville, who seemed to know the information would be valuable to us.

Again the long-distance telephone came into requisition. Mr. Jamieson called the hospital, while we crowded around him. And when there was no longer any doubt that it was Halsey, and that he would probably recover, we all laughed and cried together. I am sure I kissed Liddy, and I have had terrible moments since when I seem to remember kissing Mr. Jamieson, too, in the excitement.

Anyhow, by 11 o'clock that night Gertrude was on her way to Johnsville, 380 miles away, accompanied by Rosie. The domestic force was now down to Mary Anne and Liddy, with the under-gardener's wife coming every day to help out. Fortunately, Warner and the detectives were keeping bachelor hall in the lodge. Out of deference to Liddy they washed their dishes once a day, and they concocted queer messes, according to their several abilities. They had one triumph that they ate regularly for breakfast, and that clung to their clothes and their hair the rest of the day. It was bacon, hardtack and onions, fried together. They were almost pathetically grateful, however, I noticed, for an occasional broiled tenderloin.

(To be continued.)

RENE BACHE'S BUDGET

GOOD LOOKS AND GOLD LACE

COMBINATION MAKES DON PALACIOS COSTA WOMEN'S IDOL.

"Handsome Man in Latin-America" Now Diplomat in Washington—Compare Him With the Best Looking Men in Our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Congress.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 15.—If Don Alberto Palacios Costa had not earned the reputation of being the "handsomest man in Latin-America," he might not today be first secretary of the Argentine delegation in Washington.

Good looks are such a help to a career. Take the case of "Bib" Bacon, our newly appointed ambassador to France. A classmate of Mr. Roosevelt, at Harvard, he was easily the handsomest man in the university. On graduation, moneyless, he got a job to sweep out Pierpont Morgan's office, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, New York. Mr. Morgan, taken by his wonderful good looks, advanced him rapidly, so that within a few years he became a partner in the banking house and a multi-millionaire—to be made, later on, secretary of state.

Would such things have happened to Robert Bacon if he had been gifted by the fairies at birth with a turned-up nose and a squint? One ventures to trow not.

Beauty an Asset.

Put down with confidence the fact that personal beauty, to man as well as woman, is a most important asset in this world. As for Don Alberto Palacios Costa, the women are practically unanimous in the opinion that he is the handsomest young man that has been seen in Washington from Latin-America or anywhere else, within the present generation.

Don Palacios is far from being a mere "beauty man," however. He is exceedingly clever—as may be judged from the fact that within a few months after coming to Washington, almost totally ignorant of our language and obliged to depend upon an interpreter, he had entered the George Washington university, and was taking three different courses. By that time he had learned to speak English with a fair degree of fluency.

A Lover of Music.

Young Palacios is only 27 years of age, and a bachelor. He makes his home in Washington at the Benedict, where his handsome apartment is always filled with flowers. Probably, if the truth were known, many of them are contributed by admirers of the gentler sex. He is very fond of music, and has both a piano and a phonola in his rooms.

Also he prides himself upon the possession of a choice English library, which includes the speeches of Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. It is the ambition of Don Palacios to abandon diplomacy some day and go into politics.

In the Argentine the pure strain of old Spanish blood is better preserved than anywhere else in Latin-America. Its women of Iberian descent are famous for their beauty. As for Don Palacios, he is an Hidalgo of ancient

lineage, and his handsome features plainly proclaim the ancestry from which he springs.

The Beauty of Archie Butt.

Speaking of good looks in men, it is a fact well worthy of note that the young officers of the army, navy and marine corps, who serve as aides at the white house, are nearly always selected for beauty. There is Capt. Archibald Butt, for example. Everybody knows Archie, who is a fine fellow and a manly chap; but Mr. Tat's real reason for keeping him around is that he lends decorative effect to the administrative environment, so to speak.

It is a part of the business of Capt. Butt and his fellow aides at the white house to make themselves agreeable to young women who are invited there as guests—to take them in to dinner, to dance with them on occasions, and to flirt with them within the limits of decorum. Hence the importance of choosing good looking officers to fill these places, which naturally are most sought as billets. No such opportunity for displaying oneself attractively in a uniform and gold mounted sword can be found anywhere else. Besides, there is much incidental social prestige—not to mention an exceptional chance for capturing one of those extraordinarily rich heiresses with which Washington abounds.

Aide Marries Widow.

Mr. Roosevelt, during his administration, employed as his principal aide the handsomest man in the marine corps. It is hardly necessary to say that this officer was Major Charles L. McCawley. Already famous as a beau, as a leader of Germans, and as the best dressed man in Washington, the major filled the place admirably.

But, reckless of his future as an official squire of dames, he went and married a rich and handsome widow—Mrs. John Davis, a daughter of former secretary of state Frelinghuysen. That settled it. Married men are of no use as white house aides, and the gallant major found himself suddenly dropped out.

Army and Navy Beauties.

One of McCawley's fellow aides under Roosevelt regime was Roscoe C. Bulmer, who is quite generally considered the handsomest man in the navy. A fine, manly chap, with a clean record, and esteemed highly by everybody, Bulmer, who was born in Nevada, and is now a lieutenant-commander, has since married a very beautiful Washington girl—Miss Anita Moor.

The handsomest young man in the army, though for some unknown reason he never was assigned to duty as a white house aide, is himself the nephew of a former president—James F. McKinley, of the 11th cavalry. His

likeness to his lamented uncle is very striking.

In 1898, when the war with Spain broke out, young McKinley enlisted in the 8th Ohio cavalry. He gained the shoulder straps of a second lieutenant in the following year, and was made a first lieutenant in 1901. He is now a captain.

As an evidence that stature is an important help to a man in political life, it is open to any observation that members of congress average fully an inch and a half over the ordinary height. But in this career beauty does not appear to lend much assistance—judging from the circumstance that very few really handsome men are to be found in the national legislature.

Texas Leads the House.

The handsomest man in the house of representatives, beyond question, is Morris Sheppard, who hails from Texas. At 34 years of age he already has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant talkers in that great legislative assembly, the attention of which he is able to hold as few others can. People speak of him as a "word carpenter," but with admiration on account of the beauty of his sentences.

Very popular everywhere, he holds his seat with a unique and peculiar grip, largely because the women of his district admire him and like him. This, however, is not mainly on account of his good looks, but because of his lofty ideals. He has an exalted idea of woman and her place in the world—no nonsense about it, but a real sentiment. His speech in the house on the "Motherhood of Our Country," which was a protest against the forcible dragging of Mrs. Minor Morris out of the white house, brought him thousands of approving letters from all over the United States.

It is remembered, as part of his record, that when his father died, although hardly more than a boy, he educated his sisters and took care of his mother. That is the kind of man they like down in Texas, and thus it is that Sheppard, when he seeks reelection to congress, has no opposition, and is never likely to have any as long as he chooses to hold his present job.

Beauty in the Senate.

Most senators are too old to be beautiful. In that dignified body Boies Penrose easily holds the reputation of the handsomest man. Huge of stature, he wears a moustache and no beard. He is a bachelor. In the upper house there is no more remarkable figure. He

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The great advantage about all kinds of gas heaters—whether portable or stationary—is that they can be so easily turned off when no longer needed.

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holds the state of Pennsylvania, politically speaking, in the hollow of his hand, having taken over the management of the "machine" from Matt Quay on the death of the latter.

A story is told about him to the

effect that, when asked why he did not take a wife, he replied that perhaps it might be a good idea, and that he would refer the matter to "the organization."

Rene Bache.

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